MEMOIRS *of a* CORPORATION

1850 1950

Weaving a Century

CHAPTER I

Andover Room
R
677
Pac
v.1

PACIFIC MILLS

3 1330 00133 9203

MEMOIRS *of a* CORPORATION

The Story of Mary and Mack and Pacific Mills

with the editorial assistance of Josef Berger

Weaving a Century

PACIFIC MILLS

Executive Offices: 140 Federal Street

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

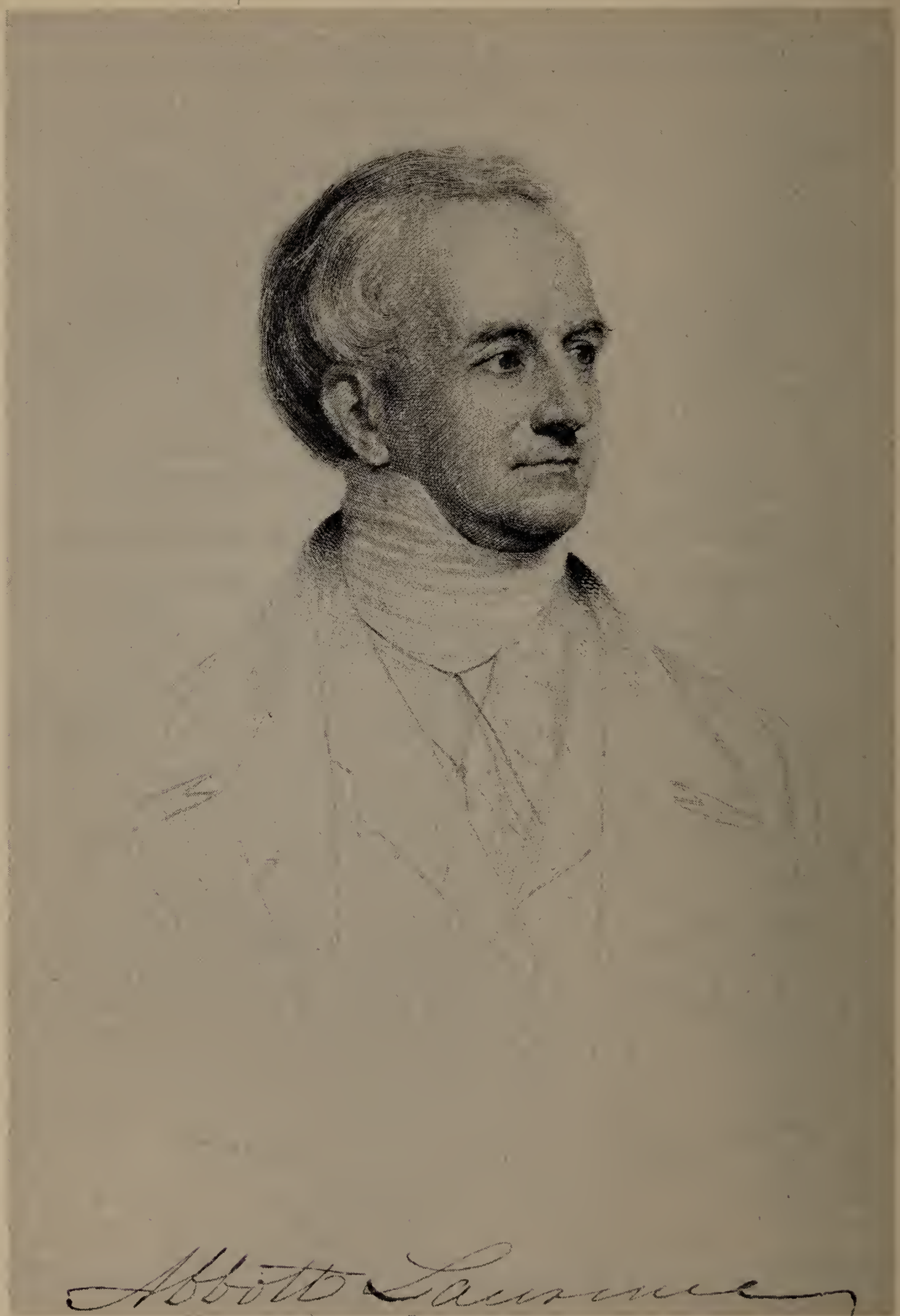
Andover Room
R
677
Pac
v. 1

Copyright, 1950, Pacific Mills, Boston, Massachusetts

Privately printed in U.S.A.
THE BARTA PRESS • BOSTON

DEDICATION

To the memory of those gallant workers of Pacific Mills who died in service of their country on the battlefields of four wars, this series of booklets is reverently dedicated . . .



FOUNDER OF PACIFIC MILLS

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

For their help in the preparation of its "memoirs," Pacific Mills owes a word of gratitude to its employees, and particularly to the large number of those grand old men and women, now retired, who can remember back beyond the time of present workers and have recalled their own early days with the company for the compilers of this account. Acknowledgment is also due the descendants of early employees and officers of Pacific Mills, down to the fourth generation, for their generous loan of records, documents and for other valuable assistance. Special acknowledgment is made to Mr. Josef Berger for editorial assistance.

Henry M. Bliss

President

PACIFIC MILLS

Officers and Directors

1850		1950
Abbott Lawrence	*President*	Henry M. Bliss
Jeremiah S. Young	*Treasurer*	Henry M. Bliss
W. C. Chapin	*Vice-President*	Clifford B. Hayes
(Agent, 1853-1871)	*Vice-President*	E. Dean Walen
	Vice-President	J. Edmund Bradley
	Vice-President	James Diephuis
	Vice-President	Paul Groover
	Vice-President	Webster E. Plaisted
	Assistant Treasurer	Rufus F. Hale
	Assistant Treasurer	Frederick S. Whiteside
A. Huntington Clapp	*Secretary*	Dwight B. Billings
	Assistant Secretary	Theodore R. Peary

Directors

Abbott Lawrence	Edwin S. Webster
James L. Little	F. L. Higginson
William C. Chapin	Malcolm B. Stone
John A. Lowell	Henry M. Bliss
James W. Paige	Samuel Cabot
J. Wiley Edmands	A. Murray Howe
G. Howland Shaw	J. P. Spang, Jr.
George H. Kuhn	E. Dean Walen
	Clifford B. Hayes
	Sinclair Weeks
	J. Edmund Bradley
	Wm. H. Claflin, Jr.

This is the first of a series of booklets to be published by Pacific Mills at monthly intervals through the current year in commemoration of the founding of the company one hundred years ago.

If you wish to have extra copies of this and succeeding booklets in the series, send your request to Pacific Mills, 140 Federal Street, Boston 10, Mass.

INTRODUCTION

Weaving a Century

This is Pacific Mills.

This is Pacific Mills, an American corporation, singing out for all the world as if I had a soul of my own.

Everybody knows corporations are soulless. At least that's what you hear, and far be it from me to take on airs.

Some folks — good ones, too, make no mistake about that — seem to get a lot of fun reminding themselves corporations aren't ever going to sprout wings and fly all over God's heaven.

Of course they're right. When a corporation is born, the village gossip never starts counting on her fingers from the time when its founders first agreed to cast their lot together. When a corporation folds, nobody has to move over and make room up there at the top of the golden stairs.

But when you've been around a whole century, it's a little different. When you wake up one morning to realize only a little while from now will come your hundredth birthday — a hundred years of living in America — why, soul or no soul, something just happens inside.

. . .

That's what's happening to me. On March 29, 1950, I, Pacific Mills, will be one hundred years old. And, with a century of life in America under my belt, I just can't help wanting to sing out! To look back over the years, and into the future, and to turn to you, my neighbor in this matchless country of ours, and say, "Yes, I'm nothing but an intangible, an abstraction, a soulless corporation if you like; but, Neighbor, I, too, am something American!"

It makes me feel a little like Carl Sandburg's humble Fish Crier:

> *His face is that of a man terribly glad to be selling fish, terribly glad that God made fish, and customers to whom he may call his wares from a pushcart.*

Sure, it's just a business, like selling from a pushcart. But I'm glad the same way that fellow was. As one of the world's leading textile manufacturers, I'm thankful for such creations as sheep and cotton and trees and people — above all people, folks who can handle shears or an axe, who can make designs, people good at machines, and people standing in front of mir-

rors, admiring themselves, or soaking up the sun on the beach or bending into a February snowstorm with their collars around their ears.

And then when I look forward to the next hundred years of being around, in America, free to think what I like and say what I think — I've just got to let a little gratitude and a little pride sneak out of that part of me where they say my soul isn't!

. . .

Of course it wasn't all sweetness and light, this first hundred years. Don't think for a moment I'm trying to tell you we've been angels. When you can reminisce that far back in America, you're going into something more than propaganda or a set-to between liberals and conservatives, capital and labor, left and right, and all the rest of the easy-pasting labels.

It's deeper than that. The pride you feel, the horn you're tooting, isn't exclusively your own. It's bigger than anything you can carry around in your pocket. It has many smooth notes and some sour ones. The tune is the song of a whole people — good, bad, sometimes pretty awful, often inspiring.

So don't expect me to spend my birthday defending the capitalistic system, or attacking it, or whitewashing big corporations, or smearing them, or telling you how much better I am than my competitors. All I want to do now is spin my yarn for you and set it where it belongs in the great fabric of a nation.

The important thing is that here we are, after weaving a century, some of it good, some bad, but on balance 'way ahead of where we were a hundred years ago, socially, economically,

technologically. And the still more important thing: We're going ahead, as a nation, as a people, I as a free company, you as a free citizen.

. . .

Just as a reminder of how long a century is on this fast-twirling globe, Andrew Jackson was hardly cold in his grave when I was born. Well, five years to be exact, and it would have taken Old Hickory that long to cool off after the things Henry Clay and Dan'l Webster said about him.

The California gold rush was in full swing. The iron horse rolled over new-laid rails, and in Wall Street the titans were playing an affectionate little game of patting each other on the back — with knives in their hands.

They were raw, rugged times. Men gambled, and for high stakes. In 1845 a little group from the countinghouses of Boston bet a million dollars they could tame the Merrimack River. In those days that was about comparable to making the Atlantic Ocean say uncle today. But they did it. They won their bet, got a harness on Old Man Merrimack, and set him to working for a fellow named Mack and a girl named Mary; and you'll hear more about those two by and by.

There were other kinds of gambling, too. A fellow drew his knife during a card game in Illinois and pinned the hand of another player to the table. "Pardner, if you ain't got the ace o' spades under yore palm," says he, "I'll apologize."

I heard Abe Lincoln tell that story. Lincoln! After all these years he stands out in my memory big as life, and that was

pretty big — six feet four in his sock feet when he wasn't holding his head up.

One of the things I liked about old Abe — something you don't hear much about from the historians — was his good practical business sense. A New York financial house once asked him for information about one of his neighbors back in Springfield. Abe wrote in answer:

Yours of the tenth received. First of all, he (the Springfield man) has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth $500,000 to any man. Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth $1.50 and three chairs worth, say, $1.00. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat-hole, which will bear looking into.

Then, on a spring day in '61, the fall of Sumter. War, a new liberty in America, and finally a united nation. Heartbreaking war, dearest-won liberty, the greatest nation on earth.

And through it all I heard the thunderous voices of the giants:

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in. . . .

While out on the battlefield, Walt Whitman sang:

I hear the tramp of armies, I hear the challenging sentry,
I hear the jubilant shouts of millions of men, I hear Liberty!

And after that, new troubles in the South. Carpetbaggers. The K.K.K.

And in the North, business. Up and down. Prince-and-pauper patterns on the chart. The firm of ex-President Grant going under in 1884, and in 1890 the disastrous fall of the international banking house of Baring Brothers.

While men made and lost fortunes on the stock exchanges, and other men found and lost and found again the jobs that bought homes and fed families, Henry Ward Beecher roared out sermons on the evils of money — to the tune of $40,000 a year.

. . .

And all the while, more people. People by the millions, pouring across the Atlantic into America, people escaping poverty, escaping military conscription in "the old country," escaping from themselves, hoping to find a way over the blank wall of despair that surrounded the little people of the earth.

It's hard to believe today, but by 1900 almost half the population of America was made up of immigrants and their children. Thirty-six and a half millions of new citizens and citizens-to-be. Irish, Italians, Germans, Britons, French, Russians, Swedes, Finns, Chinese — you name 'em, we had 'em. In the city of Lawrence, Massachusetts, I personally have heard forty-five languages spoken on the streets between whistles of a single working day.

I saw little towns gather these people into themselves and become sprawling cities, and I saw the city folk move on, farther and farther out, and I saw them move up, higher and higher, and the city became a metropolis — New York adding a million

and a half in twenty years, Chicago trebling itself in the same span, Philadelphia taking in half a million.

. . .

In New England I watched the great gorgeous clipper ships come and go with a bone in their teeth and main-trucks tickling the clouds, and with holds full of pepper from Sumatra, silks from the Orient, mahogany from the tropics.

I beheld that "invention of the divil," the steamship, pouring black smoke from her stubby stack and driving the old skipper of sail home to snug harbor. I heard the cry of "Thar she blows!" fade down the wind over the high seas while steel bitts pounded on the oil shale under Pennsylvania.

I saw the great mills spring up, I heard the song and dance of steel, humming and clicking through machines. They were hammering out a farewell to old ways — the one-man forge, the spinning wheel, the hand loom, the shoemaker's bench, the glassblower's tube — they were ringing in new ways that men called mass production.

The proud old-time Yankees stuck to their home acres pretty generally and managed to get along, farming a bit or taking in boarders for the summer and — as they always added — "fumigatin' in the fall."

I remember one old down-Easter who was called to the witness stand in a courtroom. The attorney cross-examining him was "one of them furrin city fellers." He asked the witness his name.

"Jedediah Doane."

"Lived here all your life, Mr. Doane?"

"Not yet."

So with all of New England. It was already old, more than two centuries old, when I was born. Yet it hadn't "lived here all its life," not by a long shot. For in 1850 its greatest growth was still ahead of it.

. . .

I, Pacific Mills, was part and parcel of that growth — and no small parcel, I might add. The mass manufacture of cloth from cotton and wool grew to be New England's greatest industry. I grew with it, to become the greatest unit in that industry.

But mere size doesn't give me the right to take you by the lapel of your coat and say, "Just look who I am! Just listen to the figures that prove my importance!" Nor is age enough either. A hundred years? Lots of institutions and corporations in America have crossed the century milestone. Lots more will be doing so in the next few years.

No, the biggest, the oldest, even the smartest — if any outfit wanted to make such a claim — is no great shakes on that basis alone. Nor do I think Americans would be over-awed by the richest. I, like any corporation that has lived a hundred years, have made a lot of money in my time. To survive at all under a free economy, I had to. During the course of that century many another enterprise managed — for a while — to get along making less money than I did. It was nice knowing them.

But when I look back at life, neither physical growth nor financial success nor survival itself stands out as the real measure

of corporate existence. None of these, as I see it, makes a story. The story that is worth telling, the meaning and essence of a really great corporation, is a story of humanity, of individual and group achievement, of high hopes and heartaches, of laughter and tears, and through it all of the steady, cumulative, year-by-year outflow of service.

Service. That is the "guts" — if you will pardon this irreplaceable word — of any corporation's story. If it doesn't have that, it doesn't have a story worth the paper and ink to record it. Of those two trays on the office desk marked "Incoming" and "Outgoing," the "Outgoing" is the one that counts.

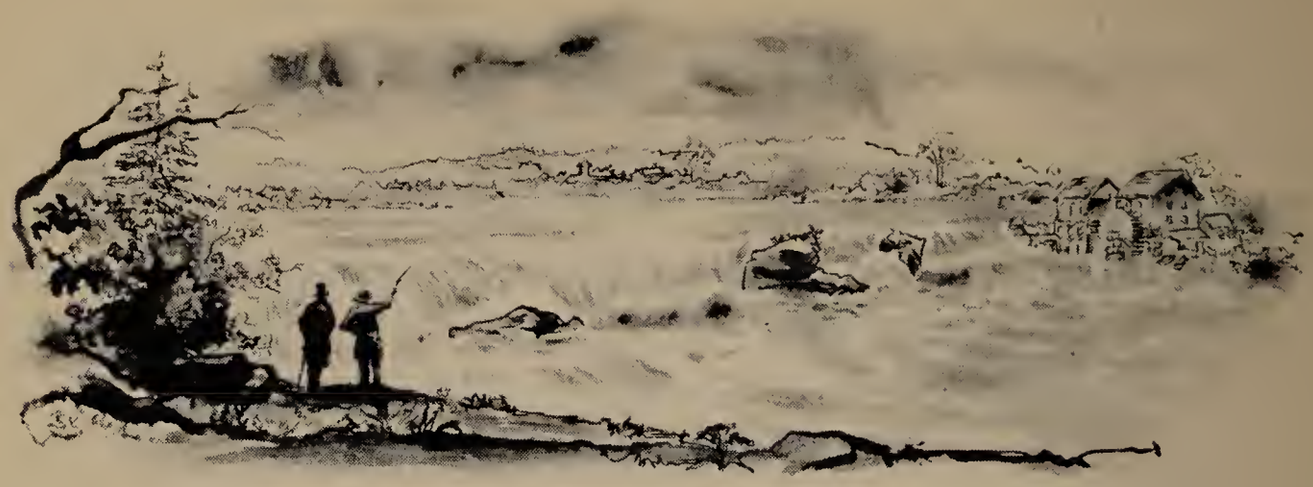
. . .

When one delves very far back into the past, the picture softens. The good has a tendency to stand out, the bad to fade. It makes me think of the professional genealogist who was hired by a very respectable lady of Boston's Back Bay to dig out her family tree. He came across one of her relatives who had committed murder and was electrocuted at Sing Sing. His note on this was:

It appears that this member of your family once occupied, for a very brief period, the chair of applied electricity in one of the country's best known institutions.

If, in these reminiscences, days that are long past will have mellowed a bit in my memory, I shall not deliberately gloss over or distort the truth. Nor shall I pretend to be anything more than human.

No corporation is.



I

Boom Time on the Merrimack

A leading business man of his time was Abbott Lawrence, moving spirit in the great speculation of taming the waters of the Merrimack. He showed himself a statesman, too. In fact, Pacific Mills, because of Abbott Lawrence's role in affairs of state, came within an inch of never being founded at all. Or within a vote, to put it more exactly.

Having been elected to Congress twice, Lawrence went in 1848 to the Whig Party's convention in Philadelphia with a chance of getting the nomination for Vice-President on the ticket with Zachary Taylor.

By one vote, he lost to Millard Fillmore. Two years later Taylor died and Fillmore took his place in the White House. Abbott Lawrence, instead of becoming President of the United States, in that same year became president of Pacific Mills.

The great Boston mercantile house of A. & A. Lawrence was started by Amos Lawrence, Abbott's older brother. Amos left home in Groton, Massachusetts, at thirteen. "I was then," he wrote later in life, "in the matter of property, not worth a dollar. My father was comfortably off as a farmer—somewhat in debt."

In his morals Amos was as strait-laced as Aunt Sophrony's corset. Full of penny preachments and pillbox platitudes. And yet, you couldn't call Amos a prig. What he preached, he practiced. In a trade he could stretch a dollar around the devil's own dinner pail. But he might turn around the next minute and give the shirt off his back to some poor fellow who had none.

After a spell of clerking, Amos set up shop for himself and within seven years was worth more than $50,000. But the inner conflict brought on by taking the Bible seriously and at the same time making money hand over fist was too much for him. While the profits kept pouring into the office on Milk Street, Amos Lawrence's God spoke more and more commandingly to his New England conscience in the old church on Brattle Square. He came down with stomach ulcers.

"I have added much to my worldly possessions," he wrote in 1826. "But I feel distressed in mind over this over-engagedness in business." In a typical note to one of his partners he said:

> *Possession! Possession is the devil. This devil I would cast out. You will therefore please send me twelve hundred dollars which I know where to give away so that it will do something for the comfort of those who have known better days.*

In 1837 there was a depression. That helped. But the dent it made in Amos's income was only temporary, and at the end of the year, in his diary, he remarks wearily, "My property remains as much as it was a year ago."

The trouble lay in these new investments the firm was forever making, expanding his property and, accordingly, his return. He made a vow not to get any richer from that time on, to give his money to worthy charities as fast as the business piled it on him. And to make no new investments.

But gentle, lovable Amos wasn't reckoning on younger brother Abbott, whom he had taken into partnership. More of a plunger than Amos, Abbott couldn't resist the great American temptation to make two businesses where there was only one before. Or a railroad where there was only a stagecoach. And the railroad, the mills, everything that Abbott Lawrence touched, made money. He was an irresistible force itching for immovable bodies.

. . .

In 1814, the year that Abbott Lawrence went into the mercantile business with brother Amos, another Bostonian launched an enterprise that was to give a tremendous push to the textile industry of America.

Francis Cabot Lowell had been to England and had seen the power loom in use there. On his return he designed one like it. In joint stock ownership with a group of Boston merchants, he built the first cotton mill in America equipped with power-driven looms.

This was the Boston Manufacturing Company at Waltham, Massachusetts. In the company were men whose names were to be linked for generations in a closely knit Yankee clique of great wealth—names like Lyman, Appleton, Jackson, Lawrence and Lowell—the nearest approach any group of Americans ever made to a self-appointed peerage of industrial barons.

Francis Cabot Lowell died three years later, but there were other Lowells to speak to the Cabots when they wanted something from God, and Boston's cotton aristocracy carried on. In 1822 the same associates took a bigger plunge in textiles.

On a low plateau northwest of Boston where the Merrimack joined the Concord River they undertook to build a giant mill, powered by water, with a company town around it. Thus there came into being at Lowell, Massachusetts, the great Merrimack Manufacturing Company, to be followed almost at once by other big mills in the same locality.

Overnight an industry, a working community, and a bonanza for Boston capital, had materialized. To the amazement of all the world, the city of Lowell suddenly stood where there had been a few shanties, wheels were spinning under the rush of Whittier's mighty "mountain-born river," and workers were pouring in by the hundreds to live in corporation boarding houses, shop in corporation stores, send their children to corporation schools and be buried in corporation cemeteries.

. . .

Meanwhile Abbott Lawrence, who from his earliest days in business had seen no reason why American cotton should be sent to England to be made into cloth for resale in American

markets, rushed into dealings with the new mills and very soon was in them up to his ears.

Under his dynamic management the firm of A. & A. Lawrence took the lead both as selling agents for the mushrooming cloth-makers and as purveyors of equipment from abroad. And while Amos sat at home, groaning at this new expansion of his interests and looking around frantically for worthy charities to absorb the proceeds, the money rolled in.

But Abbott wasn't satisfied with the role of seller and supplier. He wanted to own mills, bigger mills than they had at Lowell. One day he paused long enough in his work of the moment—promotion of the Boston & Albany Railroad—to send Samuel, another brother, hustling off to the miraculous new city on the Merrimack. The object was to scout around for new opportunities to harness the river.

"Water power's the thing," he told Samuel. "What those fellows have done, we must do somewhere. Keep your eyes open."

Word got around the up-river country that Lawrence money, with a reputation for multiplying itself like witch grass in a cornfield, was looking for a place to take root along the Merrimack.

. . .

Daniel Saunders was a canny farmer who had once owned a little mill. He bought up a few acres along the Merrimack River at Peters' Falls because he figured some day somebody would come along wanting to use the water power there or at Bodwell's Falls, just below. Nobody could draw power at either spot without buying him out of his position.

Each time Abbott Lawrence gazed at Bodwell's Falls from the bridge, he saw not wild water . . . but a great city, factories . . . railroads rushing newly woven cloth . . . for shipment across the seven seas.

Daniel knew his river. Many an hour he had stood on the old Andover Bridge, just below Bodwell's, watching the white water tumble and roar down the ledges. Many a time he had shaken his head and wondered why, with the mills at Lowell proving what the river could do, nobody had come to put the enormous waste of nature to work at this place.

When the rumor about the Lawrences reached him he rushed home and told his wife, "Go break me out my town meetin' rig, Phoebe. I mistrust we won't finish the hayin' this season!"

He drove to Lowell, talked long and earnestly with Samuel Lawrence, took him to the falls, showed him the unbridled might of the Merrimack. Next day Samuel brought Abbott. Abbott took one look at those rapids and said:

"Better let me break it gradually to Amos. If he saw what I see here, no telling what the shock might do to him!"

Forthwith the Merrimack Water Power Associates, Samuel Lawrence president and Daniel Saunders agent, began quietly buying up everything in sight around Bodwell's Falls.

Water was a God-given blessing. It wasn't easy in those days to get a grant of exclusive right. But two years later the Massachusetts Legislature passed an act giving a charter to the Associates, who renamed and incorporated themselves as the Essex Company.

. . .

March 20, 1845, was a red-letter day for Massachusetts, for the city of Lawrence that was to be, and for the whole of industry in New England. That morning fourteen men stood around

Governor Briggs' desk and watched him sign the Act. The Lawrences were there and so were Saunders, Francis Lowell, George and Theodore Lyman, and Charles Storrow, all men whose names were to go down in history among the prime movers and builders of industrial America.

Everybody was kind of long-faced until the legal hocus-pocus was out of the way. These were men who felt more at ease with a blueprint than with a statute book. That same afternoon they took the train to North Andover and then carriages to Bodwell's Falls.

Each time Abbott Lawrence gazed at it from the bridge, he saw not wild water, not farmhouses and cornfields, but a great city, factories, warehouses, railroads rushing newly woven cloth, American cloth, out to the spreading West and to Boston and New York for shipment around the Horn to 'Frisco and across the seven seas.

Storrow, civil engineer, was looking at it with different eyes. It was the harnessing of those waters, the giant stone plug men would have to put into that drain of more than four thousand miles of America — waterpower greater than all the rivers of France combined — that faced him.

On the solid rock of the river bed he would have to bolt down and cement a wall cased in granite blocks, forty feet thick, nearly a third of a mile long. A job for giants. Yet he pointed, as if commanding the great dam to rise out of the river then and there, and above the roar of the water shouted to Abbott:

"It goes in there. It's going to work! Give me three years and

one day, sir, and the thing's done!"

Abbott smiled. "What's the one day for, Charles?"

"To pray."

They rode back to Lowell for dinner. Over their coffee they got down to business. For $30,000, Samuel Lawrence and Saunders agreed to turn over to the Essex Company the 2,300 acres they had picked up along the river banks.

When Abbott announced the outstanding capital of the Essex Company should be the full $1,000,000 authorized in the Act, someone down the table murmured, "That's a pile of money, Mr. Lawrence." Folks didn't toss around millions in those days like political chicken feed.

"I'm ready to subscribe $100,000 myself," Abbott replied.

"But don't you think we might start with half that?"

His answer was rather pat. "Not by a dam site!"

The remainder of Essex Company stock was spoken for on the spot. To add to the family stake in the venture, Abbott took out another $40,000 in Amos's name.

It was agreed that Abbott Lawrence should be president of the company. The name of Lawrence was now being written into the annals of Big Business, business that reckoned its accounts in that huge, ungraspable term, *millions.*

That same day, Amos, sitting at home, was very happy. He had written a letter:

> *. . . I am so well satisfied with the improvement of Williams College that I desire to invest in the same to the amount of ten thousand dollars. . . .*

Engineer Storrow started excavation for the dam four months later and on September 19, 1845, the first stone was laid. There were no steam shovels in that day, no power cement mixers. It was man against river, man with his bare hands. The granite blocks were hand-cut, dragged by oxen and fitted by hand.

The river fought back, and now and then landed a Sunday punch. Once a cofferdam, built to divert the water from the work of masonry, gave way. Two men were killed, huge timbers were tossed about like toothpicks and some folks began to talk of "Lawrence's Folly."

But the dam went in, in spite of hell, high water and Yankee skepticism. Ten thousand horsepower was captured at the site of the new city of Lawrence, and the Merrimack was licked.

Storrow, with a flair for drama, timed the finishing touches so that the last stone was fitted exactly three years after the first, down to the hour and minute.

"You're ahead of schedule, Charles," Abbott Lawrence reminded him. "You asked for three years and one day."

Storrow grinned. "Got my praying in as I went along, Abbott — plenty of it!"

Today, if you drive from Lawrence to Andover, you cross another bridge where the old one stood. But the dam that praying Charley Storrow put in, more than a century ago, is still there, still in use. You can get an excellent view of it; and when you know its story, you can get a tingle, too, a feeling of pride that your forebears, the men who built your country, built it like this — to last.

The dam went in, in spite of hell, high water and Yankee skepticism.

While the town of Lawrence boomed from practically nothing to 13,000 population in the first six years, great mills were fast a-building around the dam. It cost the Essex Company $700,000 to complete the dam and canals. But Abbott Lawrence's guess of a million dollars for the needed capital was far short of the mark. The company quickly spent three million more building mills for the new textile enterprises that were to use its power.

Lawrence money went into manufacture immediately, with brother Samuel taking over management of Bay State Mills, a huge woolen plant. Almost at the same time Abbott plunged heavily into cotton weaving with the Atlantic Cotton Mills, a plant of three units which was very soon making fabulous profits.

But Abbott had other irons in the fire, too. President Taylor wanted him to go to England as Ambassador to the Court of St. James. At first Abbott turned it down.

"I've heard it said, Mr. President, that an ambassador is an honest man sent abroad to lie for his country."

Taylor promised he could tell the truth — within diplomatic limits — and at last prevailed on him. He sailed in September of 1849, but not before he had laid his plans for the biggest business venture of his career — Pacific Mills.

. . .

If brother Abbott had consulted brother Amos about the new company's name, it is very doubtful if "Pacific Mills" would have been chosen. Amos was a man of truth and logic. "Why call it Pacific Mills," he would have asked, "when it's on the

other side of the Continent and has nothing at all to do with the Pacific Ocean?"

But all Abbott thought about was the venture itself, bigger than any of the others, to manufacture "ladies' dress goods from wool wholly, from cotton wholly, and from wool and cotton combined."

It would be a whole textile industry within one company, integrated, as far as possible, with the newest machinery for every step from raw fiber to finished goods, including printing and dyeing. And in pioneering in new methods and designs, in improving techniques, it would lead the world.

That was what Abbott wanted, and what difference did it make what name it had? So long as it wasn't called after Jim Polk or some other free-trading Democrat, he told his associates, just about any old name would suit. And then he dashed off for London.

Those fellows — James L. Little, the Boston merchant; Jeremiah S. Young, who ran a mill of his own in Andover and was the first to make a piece of white flannel on a power loom in this country; Captain Charles H. Bigelow, who built the forts in Boston Harbor and helped Storrow with the dam — and half a dozen others got together one afternoon in Little's inner office to pick a name.

Jeremiah Young, later to become the first treasurer, spoke up.

"The biggest thing in Lawrence right now is Atlantic Cotton Mills. We're going to be bigger. The only thing bigger than the Atlantic is the Pacific. Gentlemen, we have no alternative."

Protesting voices rose.

"Who says we have to be an ocean anyhow?"

"Are we going to let those fellows in Atlantic dictate our name to us? Sir, I object!"

Somebody suggested an Indian name. It was a fad of that day. There were Amoskeag in Manchester, Cocheco in Dover, Merrimack at Lowell, Chicopee at Springfield.

Jarvis Slade and Andrew Hall, two of the incorporators, were picked as a delegation to go to the Athenaeum Library on Beacon Street and find one of the old local Indian names belonging in the territory around Lawrence. When they looked up the tribal celebrities, there in the book, these practical business men blinked and shook their heads. But they dutifully copied off a few, went back and showed the others what they had dug up:

Pumpassonaway
Cochichewick
Wormesquamsaukee
Cutchamachee

Whereupon it was decided without further discussion to call the new company Pacific Mills.

The Act of Incorporation of Pacific Mills was passed and signed March 29, 1850. Authorized capital was "one million of dollars." But even with a legal birth certificate the company was a long way from the status of a going business. It wasn't until May 24 of 1852 that ground was broken for the foundations, and it took another two years to turn out cloth. Two years, another million of dollars and plenty of headaches.

For one thing, Abbott Lawrence remained overseas until the autumn of 1852. America had tied a few knots in the tail of the British lion, especially in the squabble over a ditch the government wanted to dig from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific across Panama. This was a delay over which Pacific Mills had no control. While Abbott argued, the enterprise just had to sit and wait for the British to see the point — not an enviable position when you're in a hurry.

For another thing, the plans for Pacific Mills were a bit too ambitious for the capital. It was to start off with a thousand looms and thirty thousand spindles. That was a lot of spindles for anybody's money. The Naumkeag, for example, then the largest steam-powered mill in New England, had only 24,000.

Then, too, there had to be all sorts of new machines for making mixed fabrics — delaines of cotton and wool combined — machines that other American mills hadn't begun to use. When the competitors heard Pacific was installing ten printing machines they wondered how the mill was going to turn out enough cotton goods to keep these machines busy. That was nothing compared with certain other questions! Mainly the little matter of money. Those buildings and machines had eaten up the million-dollar grubstake and required still more.

. . .

But a greater, far more serious difficulty, one that Abbott Lawrence himself couldn't foresee, lay in the whole underlying economy of the nation. The industrial revolution was in full swing — that great shift in our way of life from the practically

self-sufficient farm and village where folks got along by taking in each other's washing, to the big city with its factories, its mass production, its huge concentrations of labor and capital.

That new mass-producing system wasn't a toy. It was the real thing, like the first stone hammer in the hand of prehistoric man — full of power and good if he didn't hit himself over the head with it. Yet in our economic thinking, we Americans still belonged in three-cornered pants. And what came of it was panic.

The first big smash hit us in 1819. There was another ten years later, followed by a whole string of them. With millions of working people massing in the industrial centers, each time the wheels stopped, more and more lives were blighted. In the fifties, business fell on its face so hard that most people, including many employers, realized something would have to be done about security, security of worker and boss alike.

From labor there arose a long bill of demands for reform — no more imprisonment for debt, ending of monopolies, the right to bargain collectively, restriction on immigration, health and safety measures.

. . .

The way Pacific Mills took care of its workers — and vice versa — attracted notice both here and abroad. But more of that by and by. Better proof than ceremonial honors and exposition medals is the fact that those workers stuck by their company loyally through the fat and the lean and trained their sons to carry on when they grew too old themselves. Not because they had no other opportunity — there was plenty of that — but be-

cause they were engaged in fair dealing. Of course there were grievances, many of them justified, some serious. The only mill where you won't find grievances turns out harps, halos and wings, not cotton and wool.

Next month Pacific Mills will send you another installment of "Memoirs of a Corporation, Weaving a Century." It will be entitled "Chapter II: Baptism in Red Ink."

Pacific
Worsteds Woolens

COTTONS
PACIFIC
RAYONS